

Don't Screw with Her Sunshine by Rosy_el

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Summary:

Mike heard a door swing open and smack the brick wall of the school and he turned back, expecting to see El walking out in her cute first-day-of-school outfit.

That was not who exited the school.

Troy's voice, instead, filled Mike with a thick dread.

(In which both our babies prove to be badass. Not that we didn't already know that before.)

Don't Screw with Her Sunshine

Author's Note:

Warning: Some language and suggestive material, nothing too explicit, though; that's not my style.

August, 1985

They had survived the first day of ninth grade; freshmen at Hawkins High School. The bell chimed obnoxiously, signifying the time had hit 3:15.

"Three, one, five," El had whispered years ago.

Lucas and Will and Dustin and Mike headed to the bike rack, all unchaining their own separate bicycles. Only a year left until some of them could possibly get cars. No one kept their hopes up though.

"Atari at my house?" Dustin asked, shoving his bike lock into his open backpack. Lucas nodded and Will offered a simple "Yup."

Mike crossed his arms and leaned up on the wall behind them. "You guys go ahead; I'll meet you later." They looked over at Mike, confusion etched onto each of their faces. Mike cast his face down, hoping to hide the blush he knew must be on his face. "I'm just waiting for El."

"Oh, *right*," Lucas cooed, pushing into Mike's shoulder mockingly. "Should've known."

Dustin snorted and Will smiled cheerfully; he liked El and liked the way Mike and her lit up around each other. There was something endearing about it that only he picked up on. Will was beyond his years. *Will the Wise*; the boy who came back to life.

"You still waiting to propose, Mikey Boy?" Lucas teased, a smirk carving a deep dimple into his cheek. Mike's face contorted into a bashful frown—the kind fighting to become a smile.

"You're going to have to save *a lot* more of your allowance if you

plan on getting a ring, man,” Dustin laughed gleefully, body positioned on his bike like he was ready to take off. Mike’s down-turned lips successfully flipped up and he rolled his eyes.

“Get lost, morons,” Mike kicked absently at Lucas’ bike wheel, an effort to shoo them off. “I’ll ride to your house in an hour, okay?”

Lucas just nodded and winked, leading the group off past the school buses lining the pickup lane.

That day El was meeting the speech pathologist at the school for the first time, her first real therapy session picking up the next day during third period. Jim wanted to be sure El knew her way to the correct room so she wouldn’t get lost. He (hesitantly) assigned Mike with the task of walking her to the room and then waiting on her outside so she wouldn’t have to go home alone. Jim’s request was, of course, unnecessary considering Mike would have escorted El home regardless. He would’ve waited out front for four hours if that’s how long it took.

Mike heard a door swing open and smack the brick wall of the school and he turned back, expecting to see El walking out in her cute first-day-of-school outfit. She had picked out a white blouse and light wash jeans, topping it off with a powder blue cardigan and new white Keds. Mike had to focus keeping his eyes on the street instead of watching El’s smoothly brushed hair float behind her while riding to school that morning.

That was not who exited the school.

Mike tried to turn and walk in the direction of the front doors of the school, praying his face was sufficiently hidden. It wasn’t.

“Oh, look who it is!” Troy’s voice—deeper from the time Mike had last seen him—filled Mike with a thick dread. Troy had made Mike’s life *hell* after El vanished. Eleven no longer there to frighten Troy, he had come back at Mike and the boys with a vengeance. “My favorite little fairy!” Mike stopped walking and shut his eyes tight, sucking in a sharp breath. “Where’s the rest of your little queer posse?”

Mike opened his eyes and turned to face the other boy standing

across from him on the almost-empty campus. James had grown taller and broader in those nearly two years that had passed since El's disappearance, but he was absent, probably at detention, Mike figured. Troy had grown too, but not as much. He stayed stocky and smaller—Mike was significantly taller than him at this point, but he was skinny and without a knack for violence.

"Saw you sitting with a girl today at lunch—maybe you aren't gay after all," Troy cocked his head to the side and walked in a circle around Mike, suffocating him. "Finally get over that boy in a dress after a couple years, *Mike*?"

Mike's blackish eyes shot to meet Troy's. He had learned not to let the "gay" taunts bother him so much anymore. But this? Mike wasn't so sure he could handle this.

"Wouldn't put it past Wheeler to feel up a *tranny* like that," he chuckled sickeningly.

"Shut up," Mike muttered, eyes level with Troy's.

Troy frowned and scratched at his chin. "I'm sorry, what? You'll—" he pointed to his ear, "you'll have to speak up, Wheeler."

"Shut the hell up." Mike's voice was even. "Hear me that time?"

Troy grimaced slightly, "Someone thinks he got tough over the summer, huh?" He nodded to himself and got real close to Mike's ear. "Remember that girl in the cafeteria, Wheeler? The one you were drooling on?" His voice got lower. "Well, I'm going to do things to her that you'd only see in your pop's magazines."

Mike's fist collided audibly with Troy's jaw, tearing his lip cleanly, before Mike even had time to think. Troy stumbled back from the impact, clearly in shock, never having seen Mike Wheeler lash out in such ferocity. His hand flew to his mouth and it came away smeared in rich red blood. Troy spat a mouthful of the inky stuff onto the concrete, his teeth painted an eerie crimson.

Before Mike knew what was happening, Troy lunged at him, a fist to his gut. The air left Mike's lungs all at once, sending him choking on

nothingness. Troy grabbed one of Mike's shoulders and pinned him hard up against the brick wall. Mike flexed his stomach in an effort to brace himself for the next blow.

Only it didn't come.

He opened his eyes and there she was, ten feet behind them, hand raised in silence. Troy stood completely frozen, fist clenched and only mere centimeters from Mike's cheek. His eyes darted around, still not understanding what was happening, his back to the girl in a white blouse.

El's hand dropped and Troy's body lifted up into the air, floating a few feet up. Eleven's eyes were full of steely rage. It sent a jolt through Mike's spine.

"I thought the broken arm was enough," she spoke, voice bold and clear. Troy's mouth fell open and his eyes filled with a sudden recognition of the girl standing before him, black blood dripping onto the cupid's bow of her soft pink lip. Troy knew exactly who this girl was. "I was wrong."

Without so much as a flinch from her, Troy's body shot thirty feet up into the air. Mike pushed himself from the wall where he had been propped up and ran toward her, wrapping his hands strongly around Eleven's arms. Her eyes were unmoving, rigid in their focus on Troy's hovering shape. "El," Mike pleaded with her. The blood wet her mouth now. "El, it's okay—I'm okay." As much as Mike wanted to see Troy hurting—the very blood running through his veins pulsed and boiled at the thought of what that son of a bitch had said about his El—he couldn't let her kill him. And judging by the purely manic look in her eyes, she surely could kill Troy. It's not like she hadn't killed before. She could snap his neck without a second thought.

"El," Mike brought a timid hand to the girl's frosty face, thumb brushing across her cheek bone. "He isn't worth it."

His touch sent El's eyes flickering toward Mike's face. In a whirl of sound, Mike flipped around to see Troy flying at the concrete blacktop, a blur through the air. Troy's body froze before impact though, less than a foot off the ground. El's voice sounded sinister.

“Don’t *ever*,” she spat, “look at him again.” Then Troy met the ground in a heavy thud, loud gasps for oxygen coming from his bloodied mouth.

Eleven passed him wordlessly, perfectly and seamlessly poised as she collected her shiny pink bicycle from the bike rack.

They rode home mutely until Mike cracked the silence.

“How was the therapist?”

El smiled. “Oh, Mrs. Wilk?” A shrug. “She was nice.”

They didn’t worry about Troy telling anyone. Who would believe him? Besides, he had no interest in disclosing that his ass-kicking had been delivered by Mike Wheeler and *some girl*.

Author’s Note:

This was inspired by a request from janeelevenives83, so I hope I did your wishes justice. I actually had a lot of fun writing this so please, everyone, fill my inbox with some more sweet ideas!

Thank you so much for reading this.

-Rosy